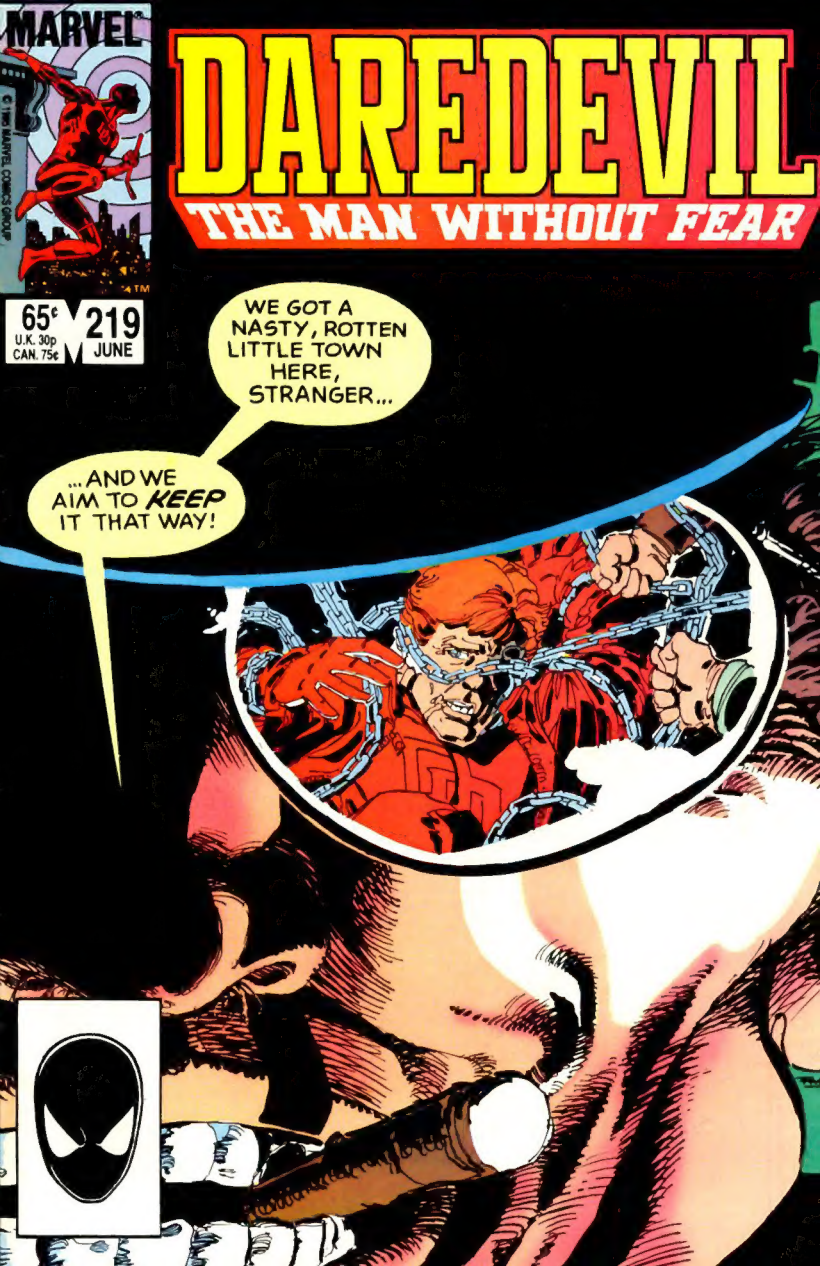
MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR
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65¢
U.K. 30p
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219
JUNE
WE GOT A NASTY, ROTTEN LITTLE TOWN HERE, STRANGER...
...AND WE AIM TO KEEP IT THAT WAY!

BADLANDS

BY FRANK MILLER,* JOHN BUSCEMA & GERRY TALAOC

CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORS
JOE ROSEN
LETTERS
RALPH MACCHIO
EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

KILL YOU
I'LL KILL YOU I SWEAR--

POPPA'S OLYMPIAN PALACE

BROKEN CROSS IS A BLEARY-EYED, COTTON-MOUTHED HANG OVER OF A TOWN. IT'S CURLED UP LIKE A WINO OFF A SHUT-DOWN EXIT OF THE NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE, IN THE SHADOW OF AN OIL-BLACK REFINERY THAT COUGHS OIL-BLACK SMOKE INTO THE BOURBON NEW JERSEY SKY.

THE REFINERY HAD LET OUT ITS NIGHTLY DEATH RATTLE AND AN OVER-COOKED SUN WAS SURRENDERING TO THE SMOKE AND THE DIESEL FUMES WHEN THE STRANGER CAME WALKING.

THAT'S RIGHT. HE WALKED. IN NEW JERSEY. HE WALKED. WITH AN EASY CONFIDENCE BROKEN CROSS HADN'T SEEN SINCE...

...BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY.

*SEE OUR LETTERS PAGE FOR THE SCOOP-- R.M.

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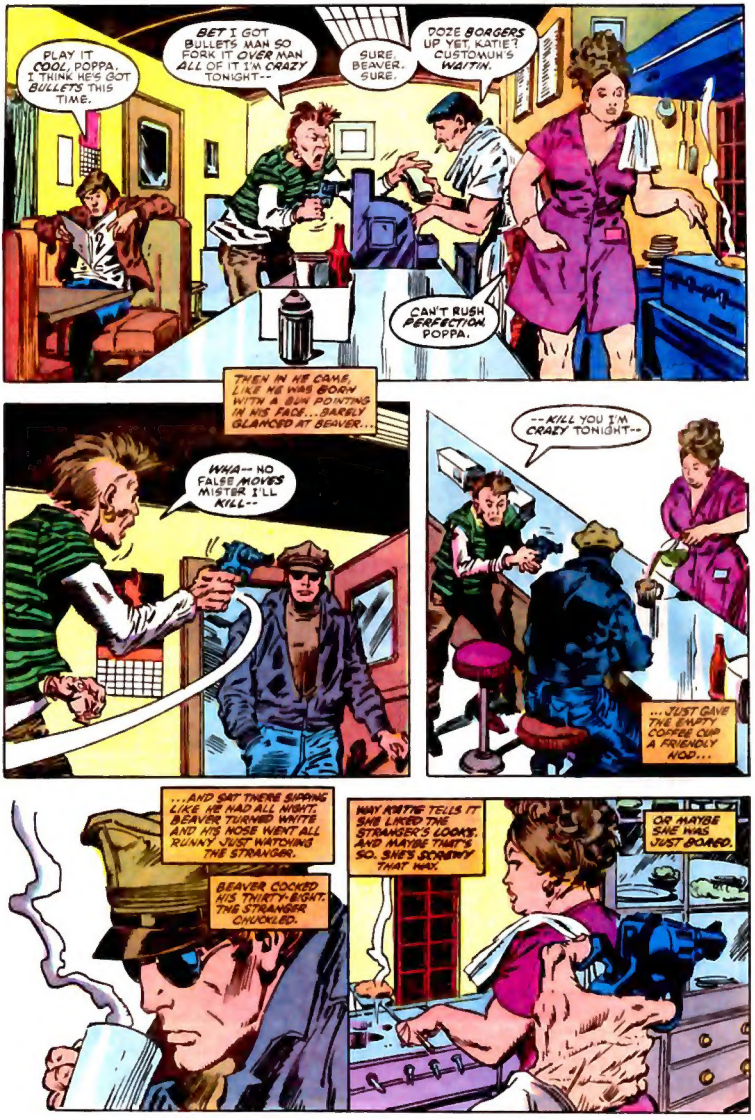
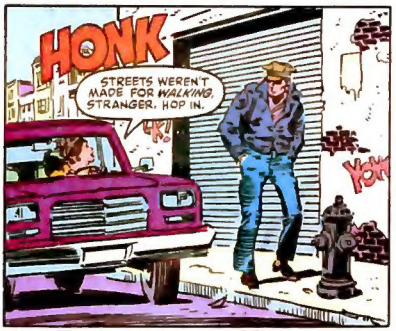
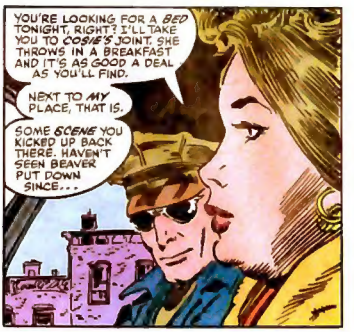

PLAY IT COOL, POPPA. I THINK HE'S GOT BULLETS THIS TIME.
BET I GOT BULLETS MAN SO FORK IT OVER MAN ALL OF IT I'M CRAZY TONIGHT--
SURE, BEAVER. SURE.
DOZE BOARGERS UP YET, KATIE? CUSTOMUH'S WAITIN.
CAN'T RUSH PERFECTION, POPPA.
THEN IN HE CAME, LIKE HE WAS BORN WITH A GUN POINTING IN HIS FACE... BARELY GLANCED AT BEAVER...
WHA-- NO FALSE MOVES MISTER I'LL KILL--
--KILL YOU I'M CRAZY TONIGHT--
...JUST GAVE THE EMPTY COFFEE CUP A FRIENDLY NOD...
...AND SAT THERE SIPPING LIKE HE HAD ALL NIGHT. BEAVER TURNED WHITE AND HIS NOSE WENT ALL RUNNY JUST WATCHING THE STRANGER.
BEAVER COCKED HIS THIRTY-EIGHT. THE STRANGER CHUCKLED.
WAY KATIE TELLS IT SHE LIKED THE STRANGER'S LOOKS. AND MAYBE THAT'S SO. SHE'S SCRAWNY THAT WAY.
OR MAYBE SHE WAS JUST BORED.

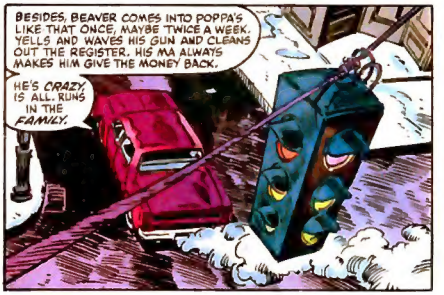
SLAPP
YOWWW!
KILL YOU I'LL KILL--
KRAKK
YIII!
KILL CUT YOUR HEART OUT AND EAT IT--
WHUKK
THUNK
SKKRESSHHH

BEAVER RATTLED OUT INTO THE LOT LIKE A BROKEN MUFFLER, RIGHT TO LT. COSTELLO'S FEET.
COSTELLO'D BEEN WAITING THERE THE WHOLE TIME WATCHING OUT LIKE HE ALWAYS DID FOR THE STILLWELL BOYS...
MOMMA MOMMA IT AIN'T FAIR--KILL HIM I'LL KILL--
INSIDE, COSTELLO PUT THE STRANGER THROUGH THE PACES--LOOKING ALL THE WHILE LIKE HE'D SWALLOWED A BAYOK.
NO WEAPONS--AND THIS HERE I.D. LOOKS SQUARE ENOUGH.
IMAGINE YOU'RE JUST PASSING THROUGH. NO REASON FOR A CITY BOY TO COME TO BROKEN CROSS, IS THERE?
NAH. NO REASON AT ALL.
SO YOU JUST PUSH ON, STRANGER. BY MORNING, WE'LL FORGET THIS EVER HAPPENED.
YOU NEAR ME, STRANGER?
REMIND YOU OV SUMBUDDY, LOOTENANT? NOT DA WAY HE LOOKS SA MUCH AS...
SHUT UP, POPPA.
JUST SHUT UP.


HONK
STREETS WEREN'T MADE FOR WALKING, STRANGER. HOP IN.
HONK

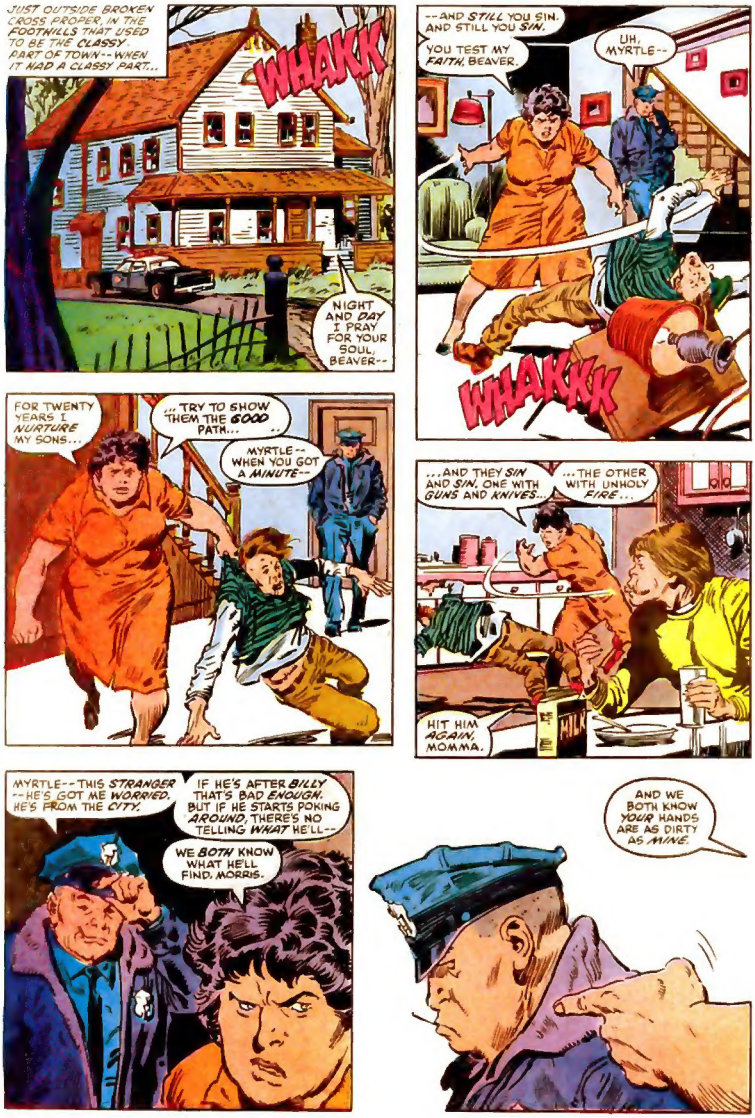

YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A BED TONIGHT, RIGHT? I'LL TAKE YOU TO COSA'S JOINT. SHE THROWS IN A BREAKFAST AND IT'S AS GOOD A DEAL AS YOU'LL FIND.
NEXT TO MY PLACE, THAT IS.
SOME SCENE YOU KICKED UP BACK THERE. HAVEN'T SEEN BEAVER PUT DOWN SINCE...

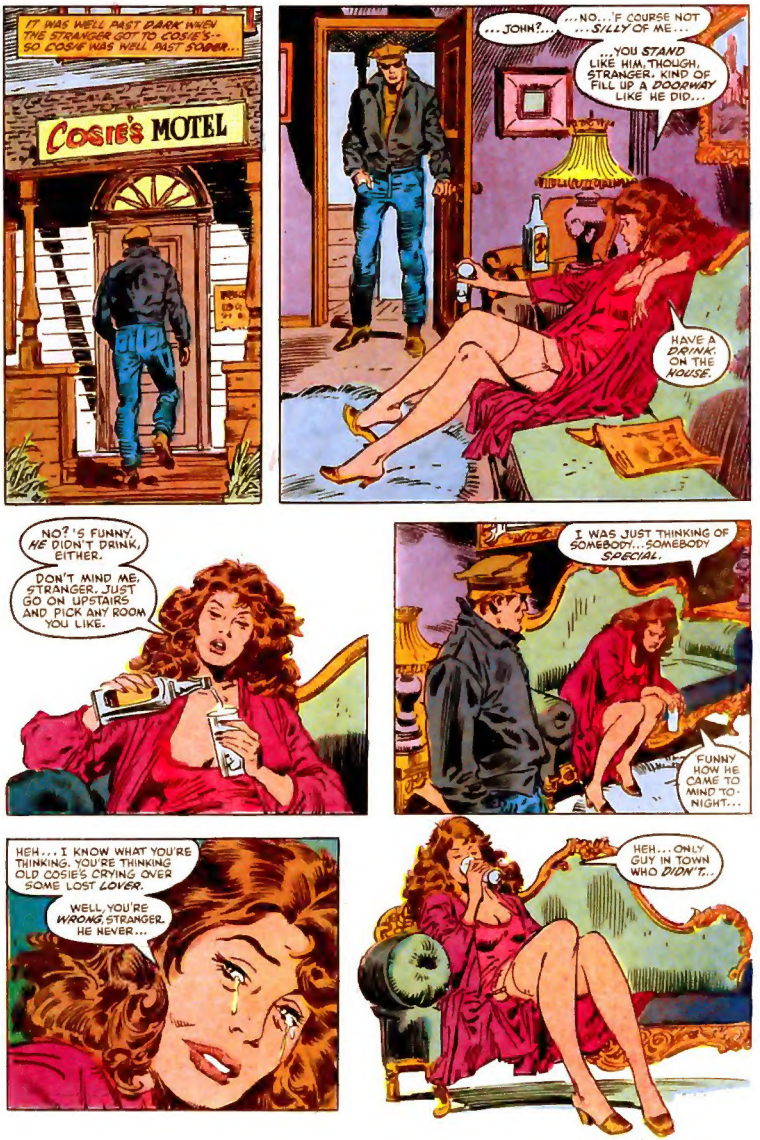
...WELL, NOT FOR SOMB TIME, ANYWAY. YOU BETTER WATCH YOURSELF, BEAVER, HE'LL BE GOOD AND SORE.
AND DON'T THINK HE'LL BE IN JAIL, NEITHER. MA STILLWELL ALWAYS FIXES THINGS FOR HER BOYS.

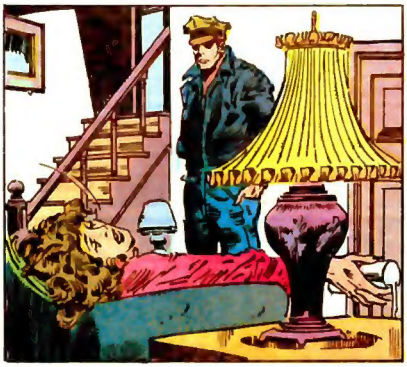

BESIDES, BEAVER COMES INTO POPPA'S LIKE THAT ONCE, MAYBE TWICE A WEEK. YELLS AND WAVES HIS GUN AND CLEANS OUT THE REGISTER. HIS MA ALWAYS MAKES HIM GIVE THE MONEY BACK.
HE'S CRAZY, IS ALL. RUNS IN THE FAMILY.

LIKE HIS BROTHER BILLY. DON'T S'POSE YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM. QUEER FOR FIRES, BILLY IS. WORD IS HE STARTED ONE A LITTLE TOO BIG ACROSS THE RIVER. GOT CAUGHT AND SKIPPED BAIL.
SAY-- YOU WOULDN'T BE AFTER BILLY, WOULD YOU?

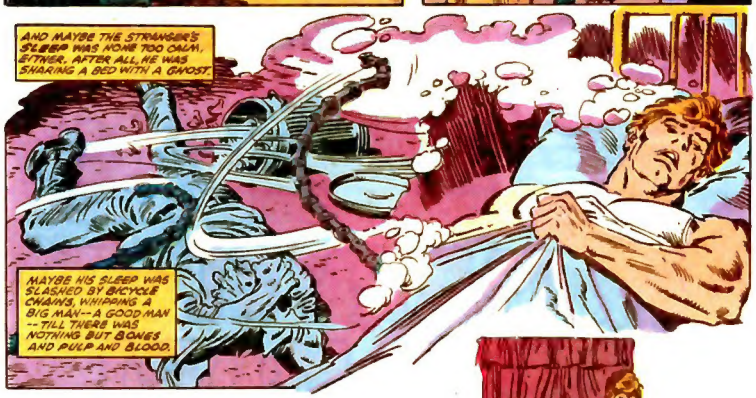
OKAY, I NEVER ASKED. BUT LIKE I SAID, STRANGER-- YOU WATCH YOURSELF.
THE STRANGER SMILED AT THAT-- A SLOW SMILE, NICE TO BE AROUND IF YOU WERE ON THE GOOD SIDE OF IT.
FOR A SECOND THERE, KATIE THOUGHT IT REMINDED HER OF SOMEBODY... SOMEBODY WHO'D BROUGHT A LITTLE SUNLIGHT TO BROKEN CROSS...


JUST OUTSIDE BROKEN CROSS PROPER, IN THE FOOTHILLS THAT USED TO BE THE CLASSY PART OF TOWN--WHEN IT HAD A CLASSY PART...
WHAKK
NIGHT AND DAY I PRAY FOR YOUR SOUL, BEAVER--
--AND STILL YOU SIN. AND STILL YOU SIN.
YOU TEST MY FAITH, BEAVER.
UH, MYRTLE--
WHAKKK
FOR TWENTY YEARS I NURTURE MY SONS...
...TRY TO SHOW THEM THE GOOD PATH...
MYRTLE--WHEN YOU GOT A MINUTE--
...AND THEY SIN AND SIN, ONE WITH GUNS AND KNIVES...
...THE OTHER WITH UNHOLY FIRE...
HIT HIM AGAIN, MOMMA.
MYRTLE--THIS STRANGER --HE'S GOT ME WORRIED. HE'S FROM THE CITY.
IF HE'S AFTER BILLY THAT'S BAD ENOUGH. BUT IF HE STARTS POKING AROUND, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL--
WE BOTH KNOW WHAT HE'LL FIND, MORRIS.
AND WE BOTH KNOW YOUR HANDS ARE AS DIRTY AS MINE.

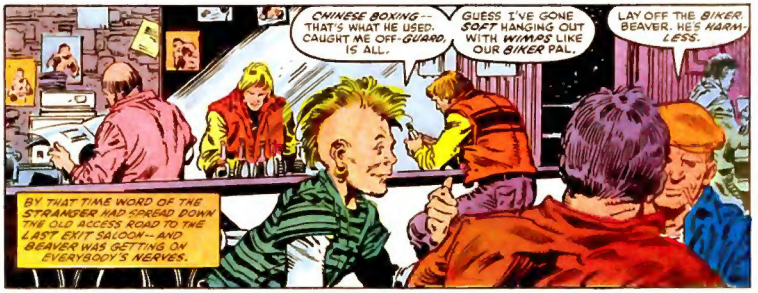

IT WAS WELL PAST DARK WHEN THE STRANGER GOT TO COSIE'S-- SO COSIE WAS WELL PAST SOBER...
COSIE'S MOTEL
...JOHN?...
...NO...'F COURSE NOT ...SILLY OF ME...
...YOU STAND LIKE HIM, THOUGH, STRANGER. KIND OF FILL UP A DOORWAY LIKE HE DID...
HAVE A DRINK, ON THE HOUSE.
NO? 'S FUNNY. HE DIDN'T DRINK, EITHER.
DON'T MIND ME, STRANGER. JUST GO ON UPSTAIRS AND PICK ANY ROOM YOU LIKE.
I WAS JUST THINKING OF SOMEBODY...SOMEBODY SPECIAL.
FUNNY HOW HE CAME TO MIND TO-NIGHT...
HEH... I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING. YOU'RE THINKING OLD COSIE'S CRYING OVER SOME LOST LOVER.
WELL, YOU'RE WRONG, STRANGER. HE NEVER...
HEH... ONLY GUY IN TOWN WHO DIDN'T...

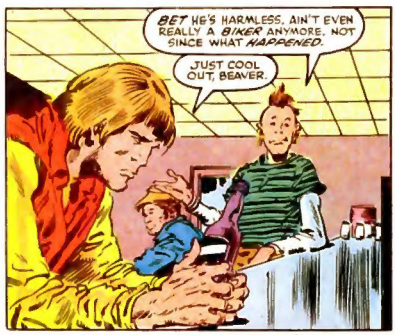


THERE WAS NO REASON FOR THE STRANGER TO PICK THE ROOM HE DID. IT WASN'T THE BIGGEST ON THE FLOOR, OR THE NICEST.
IN FACT, COSIE WOULD'VE HAD A FIT IF SHE'D KNOWN HE TOOK IT. SHE NEVER LET ANYBODY SLEEP THERE ANY MORE.


AND MAYBE THE STRANGER'S SLEEP WAS NONE TOO CALM, EITHER. AFTER ALL, HE WAS SHARING A BED WITH A GHOST.
MAYBE HIS SLEEP WAS SLASHED BY BICYCLE CHAINS, WHIPPING A BIG MAN--A GOOD MAN --TILL THERE WAS NOTHING BUT BONES AND PULP AND BLOOD.

MAYBE THAT'S WHY THE STRANGER GOT UP WHEN HE DID, IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.
NOBODY KNOWS FOR SURE.



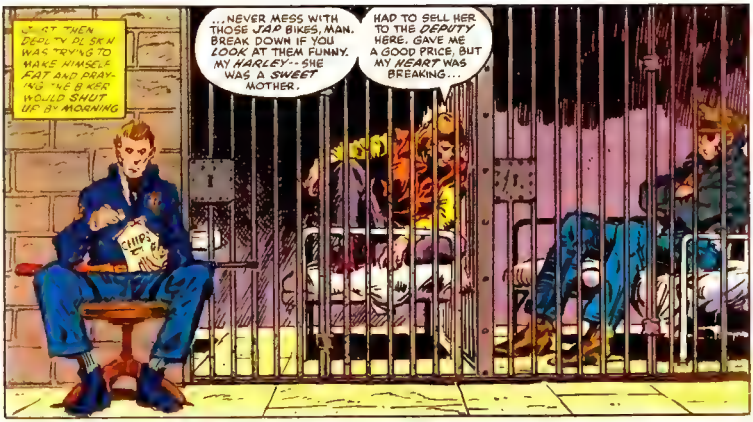


BEAVER FROZE THEN, STARING AT THE MIRROR LIKE IT WAS AN ONRUSHING SEMI. HE WAS ONLY WAITE FOR A SECOND, THOUGH...

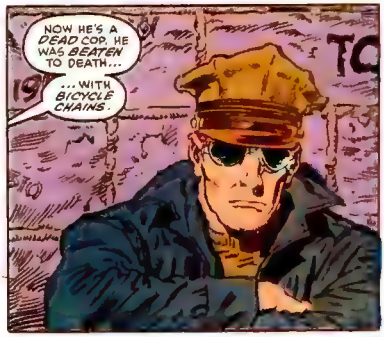
WHOKK
BEAVER--EASE UP ON THIS GUY--
SLAPP
...NOT ANY MORE, NOT AFTER WHAT THEY DID--
YOU. BACK OFF BIKER. JUST BACK OFF. YOUR FRIENDS AIN'T HERE TO HELP YOU...
MY BROTHERS DID NOTHING, BEAVER.
YOU KNOW THAT.
TOO BAD THEY AIN'T AROUND TO SAY SO, HUH?
I'LL GIVE THEM CREDIT, THOUGH...
...LEAST THEY HAD THE GUTS TO KILL THEMSUUURRGH!
LAST EXIT IS THE JOINT FOR LETTING YOUR UGLINESS GET A LITTLE MORE NAKED EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE. FOR SMILING DOWN SOCIETY AND LETTING THE DAILY NASTINESS BUBBLE UP.
IT'D BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE IT'D SPILLED OVER...

...SO IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH
WHUKK
SKRASHH
WHOKK
BLAMM
GO ON HOME, BEAVER. AND STRANGER...
...DON'T YOU BREATHE.

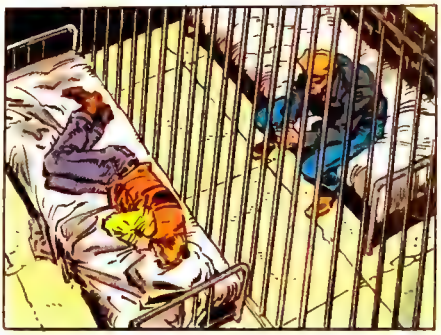
IT WAS TWO HOURS LATER AT MA STILLWELL'S PLACE...
YOU WOULDNA BELIEVED IT, MYRTLE. SOMETHING LIT A FIRE UNDER THE BIKER -- FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE YOU KNOW WHEN.
TOOK CARE OF IT BEST I COULD. LOCKED HIM AND THE STRANGER UP.
BIKER'S TAKEN MY BOY'S TEASING BEFORE. BARELY COMPLAINED.
IT'S THAT STRANGER. HE'S... I DON'T KNOW. BUT THINGS ARE GETTING OUT OF HAND.
THERE WAS TALK OF FAGAN. AND THE STRANGER. HE SEEMED INTERESTED.
BILLY. BILLY. BILLY...
YOU BRING US GRIEF... YOU CHEAT YOUR OWN BROTHER AT CHECKERS...
WHAKK
HE DID HE CHEATED HIT HIM AGAIN MOMMA!
THWAKK
YOU SIN AND SIN...
TIME TO CLEAN THINGS UP. DIDN'T HAVE TO BEFORE, WITH WHAT THOSE YOUNG ROUGHNECKS DID TO THEMSELVES.
THAT STRANGER NEEDS TENDING TO. HIM AND THE BIKER.
AND COSIE, TOO. TRAMP MADE A LOT OF NOISE AT THE TRIAL


JUST THEN DEPUTY OLSEN WAS TRYING TO MAKE HIMSELF FAT AND PRAYING THE BIKER WOULD SHUT UP BY MORNING
...NEVER MESS WITH THOSE JAP BIKES, MAN. BREAK DOWN IF YOU LOOK AT THEM FUNNY. MY HARLEY--SHE WAS A SWEET MOTHER.
HAD TO SELL HER TO THE DEPUTY HERE. GAVE ME A GOOD PRICE. BUT MY HEART WAS BREAKING...

ALL NIGHT LONG I'VE BEEN TRYING TO PLACE YOU, STRANGER. AND I KEEP THINKING I'M TALKING TO FAGAN. WHICH IS OFF, CAUSE YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE HIM.
HE WAS A COP. A TOUGH COP.


NOW HE'S A DEAD COP. HE WAS BEATEN TO DEATH...
...WITH BICYCLE CHAINS.

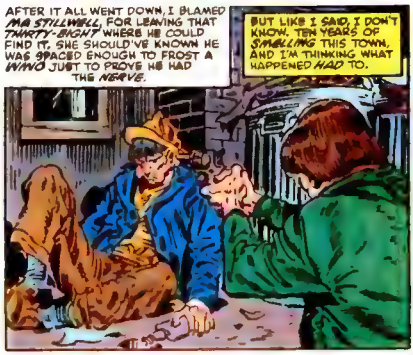
I WAS RIDING WITH THE BROTHERS BACK THEN. BACK IN THE GLORY DAYS. WE BLEW INTO BROKEN CROSS JUST FOR LAUGHS.
JUST FOR LAUGHS.



THERE WASN'T MUCH NIGHT LEFT WHEN COSIE RAN OUT OF BOOZE. SHE'D WOKE UP CRYING AGAIN AND AS CLOSE TO SOBER AS SHE EVER GOT.
SHE'D DONE HER BEST TO FIX THAT, EMPTYING HER LAST BOTTLE OF JOHNNIE WALKER AND CURSING THE LIQUOR STORE FOR BEING CLOSED. BUT EVEN WITH THE ROOM SPINNING AND THE AIR REELING LIKE LIQUID SHE COULDN'T SLEEP.
IT WAS ALL THE STRANGER'S FAULT FOR STANDING LIKE HE DID. FOR SMILING LIKE HE'D NEVER BEEN AFRAID
SHE'D LAIN IN BED COUNTING SHEEP. THEN SHE'D TRIED COUNTING MEN.
BUT THE SAME ONE KEPT POPPING UP.
KLIK KLAK
...JJOHN?...

USED TO BLAME THE WHOLE SCENE ON BEAVER. BUT I DON'T KNOW...

...HE WAS JUST A SHAKY LITTLE PSYCHO WHO'D BEEN LOOKING TO KILL SOMEBODY SINCE HE WAS IN DIAPERS. MAN, HE WAS ALL OVER US TO MAKE HIM A BROTHER.
ONE WAY
WE RAZZED HIM A LITTLE AND LAUGHED HIM OFF


AFTER IT ALL WENT DOWN, I BLAMED MA STILLWELL, FOR LEAVING THAT THIRTY-EIGHT WHERE HE COULD FIND IT. SHE SHOULD'VE KNOWN HE WAS SPACED ENOUGH TO FROST A WINO JUST TO PROVE HE HAD THE NERVE.
BUT LIKE I SAID, I DON'T KNOW. TEN YEARS OF SMABLING THIS TOWN, AND I'M THINKING WHAT HAPPENED HAD TO.

MAYBE I SHOULD PUT IT ON FAGAN FOR BEING SO STRAIGHT. FOR TRYING TO MAKE BROKEN CROSS LESS OF A HOLE.
HE WAS CLOSE TO MAKING BEAVER WHEN MA STILLWELL TRIED TO LAY A BRIBE ON HIM. ONE LOOK AT FAGAN AND YOU'D KNOW HOW DUMB THAT WAS.

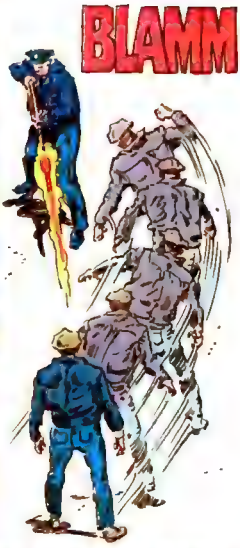
COSTELLO HAD HIS PIECE OF IT, TOO. HE'D BEEN SITTING ON A TACK EVER SINCE HE LOST THE TOP COP JOB TO AN OUT-OF-TOWNER--AND STILLWELL, SHE PLAYED HIM LIKE AN ACCORDION...
...TOLD HIM HOW BROKEN CROSS COULD LOSE TWO PROBLEMS AT ONCE

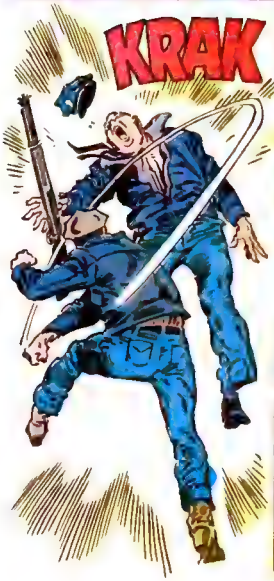
US BROTHERS WEREN'T REAL TIGHT WITH FAGAN. COUPLE TIMES WE'D GOT TEN A LITTLE TOO STONED AND ROWDY AND BROKEN A FEW WINDOWS. FACT IS, FAGAN TOLD US TO BLOW.
BUT MAN, IT WASN'T US WHO ACED HIM. IT JUST WASN'T.

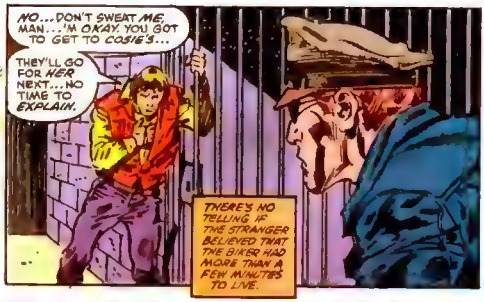
THAT WHY YOUR BUDDIES DROVE THEMSELVES INTO THAT RETAINING WALL? TO PROVE THEIR INNOCENCE?
YOU LOOK TIRED, PLISKIN. GO ON HOME.
UH...SURE LIEUTENANT.
THANKS FOR THE BREAK
SPENT HOURS CLEANING THEM OFF THAT WALL, BIKER. YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS PAINTED.
THEY SURE HAD NERVE.
BUT YOU--ALL YOU GOT IS A MOUTH.
KLIK KLIK
DO WELL TO KEEP IT SHUT--LIKE YOUR STRANGER FRIEND.
I HEAR YOU, COSTELLO. I HEAR YOU!
HEAR THIS?
CHKCHAK
JUST--JUST LET ME GO HOME...
BLAMM

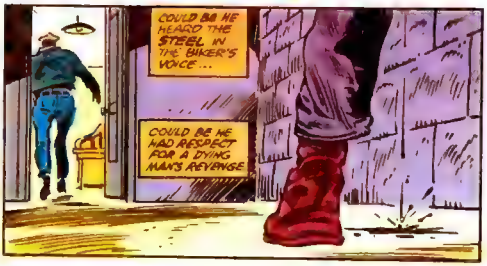
BROUGHT THAT ON HIMSELF, STRANGER. WE TREATED HIM ALL RIGHT. WE WERE HAPPY TO LET THINGS LIE.
NOW THEY'VE GONE ALL MESSY AGAIN.
KLIK KLIK

IF I WAS YOU, I'D BE MAD AT HIM...


BLAMM


KRAK

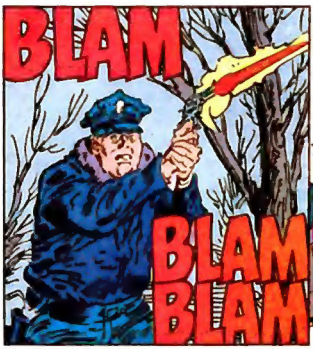

NO... DON'T SWEAT ME, MAN... I'M OKAY. YOU GOT TO GET TO COSIE'S...
THEY'LL GO FOR HER NEXT... NO TIME TO EXPLAIN.
THERE'S NO TELLING IF THE STRANGER BELIEVED THAT THE BIKER HAD MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES TO LIVE.


COULD BE HE HEARD THE STEEL IN THE BIKER'S VOICE...
COULD BE HE HAD RESPECT FOR A DYING MAN'S REVENGE

IT MUST'VE BEEN ABOUT THEN THAT THE BIKER'S RIGHT LUNG COLLAPSED. HE HAD TO KNOW IT WAS OVER FOR HIM.
BUT HE HAD A WHOLE LOT OF SHAME HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO DIE WITH
CHAK
SKREEEEE
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN EIGHT MONTHS, PLISKIN HAD WALKED HOME AND LEFT HIS MOTORCYCLE.
LATER AT THE INQUEST HE COULDN'T REMEMBER WHY.
NOT THAT IT MATTERS. THE BIKER HAD SAID IT A FEW UGLY MINUTES EARLIER..
.. FROM FAGAN'S MURDER ON DOWN
... WHAT HAPPENED HAD TO.

THE STRANGER GOT TO COSIE'S FASTER THAN HE HAD A RIGHT. EVEN SO, HE WAS A GOOD HOUR TOO LATE.
BEAVER HADN'T LEFT ANY WAY FOR THERE TO BE MUCH BLOOD IN HER. THE STRANGER PROBABLY WISHED HE WAS BLIND.
AND IF HE WAS LOOKING TO MOURN HER...
...IT WAS TOO LATE FOR THAT, TOO.
EAT THIS ONE, STRANGER!
BILLY'S GIGGLE FADED AS THE FIRE GREW AND THE FRONT DOOR SLAMMED SHUT.
...WE MUSTN'T THINK THIS WAS A GOOD THING TO DO...
IT'S COSTELLO MOMMA HE--
NOW, BOYS...
MYRTLE! WE GOTTA RUN! THAT STRANGER, HE--
HAD HIM DEAD TO RIGHTS AND HE--
HE AIN'T HUMAN--

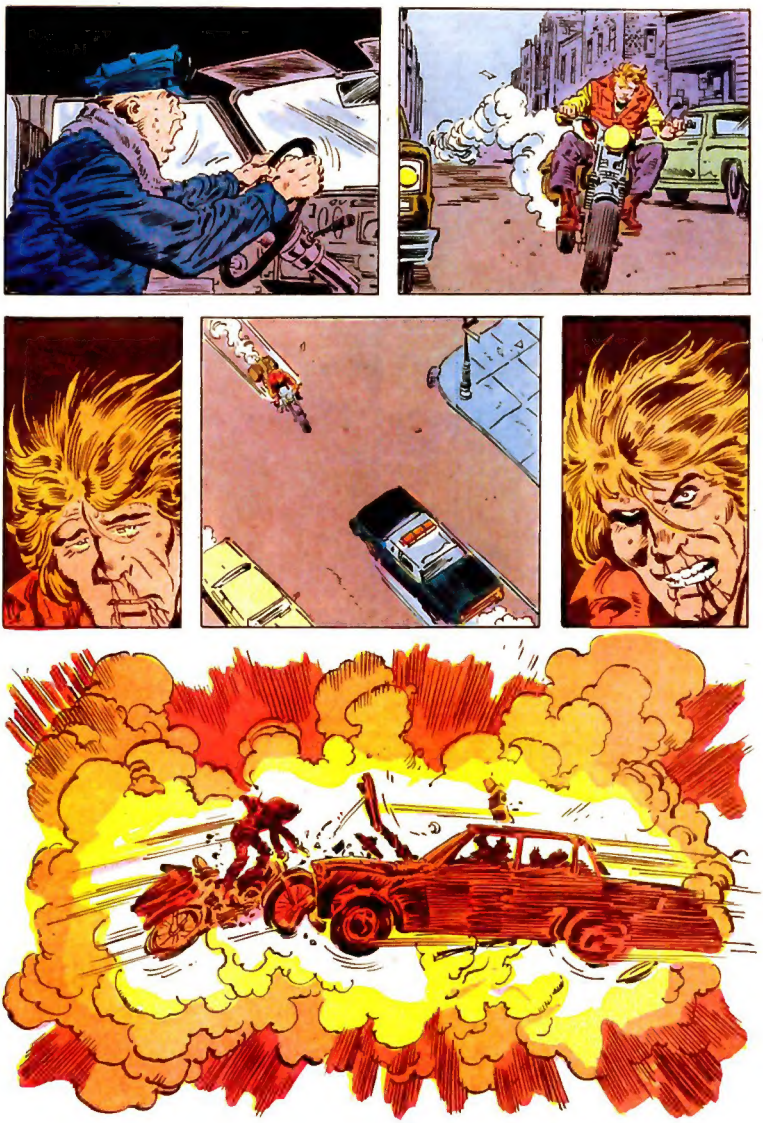
SKRAKK

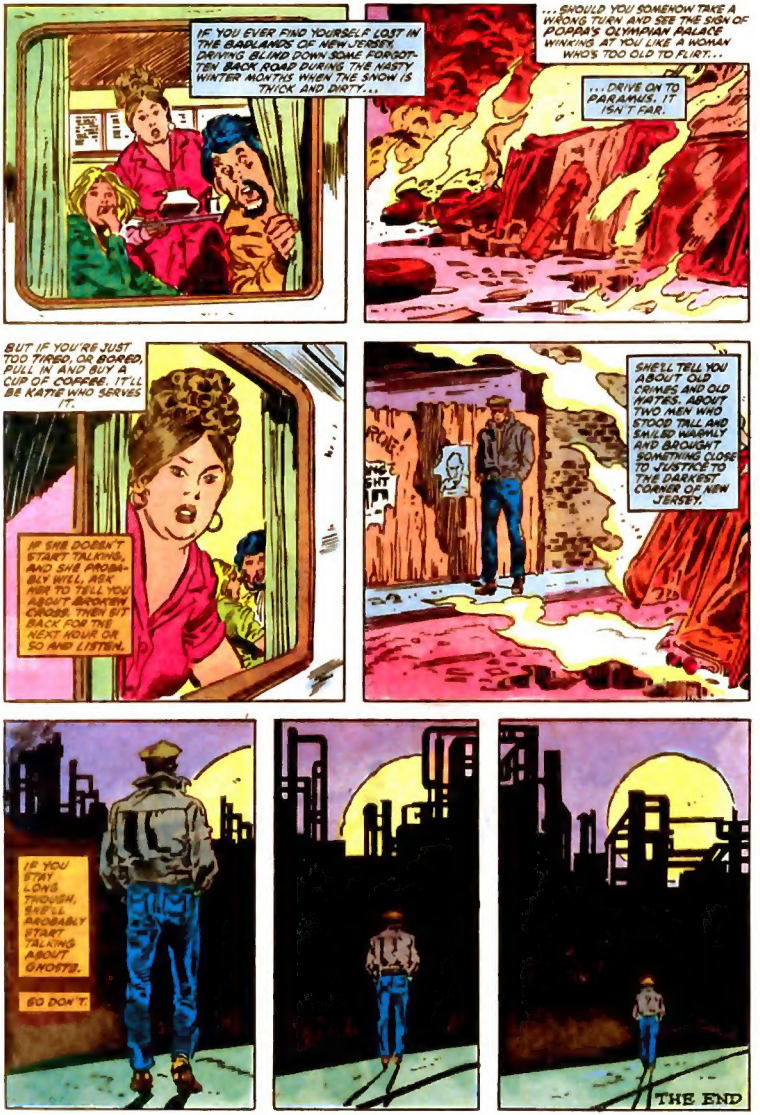

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

--AIN'T HUMAN...

SKREEEEEE

MOMMA I'M--
MOMMA'S HERE, BOYS...
--I'M SCARED MOMMA I'M--
SHUT UP BACK THERE, I--
...I...




IF YOU EVER FIND YOURSELF LOST IN THE BADLANDS OF NEW JERSEY, DRIVING BLIND DOWN SOME FORGOTTEN BACK ROAD DURING THE NASTY WINTER MONTHS WHEN THE SNOW IS THICK AND DIRTY...
...SHOULD YOU SOMEHOW TAKE A WRONG TURN AND SEE THE SIGN OF PORKY'S OLYMPIAN PALACE WINKING AT YOU LIKE A WOMAN WHO'S TOO OLD TO FLIRT...
...DRIVE ON TO PARAMUS. IT ISN'T FAR.
BUT IF YOU'RE JUST TOO TIRED, OR BORED, PULL IN AND BUY A CUP OF COFFEE. IT'LL BE KATIE WHO SERVES IT.
IF SHE DOESN'T START TALKING, AND SHE PROBABLY WILL, ASK HER TO TELL YOU ABOUT BROKEN CROSS. THEN SIT BACK FOR THE NEXT HOUR OR SO AND LISTEN.
SHE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT OLD CRIMES AND OLD HATES, ABOUT TWO MEN WHO STOOD TALL AND SMILED WARMLY AND BROUGHT SOMETHING CLOSE TO JUSTICE TO THE DARKEST CORNER OF NEW JERSEY.
IF YOU STAY LONG ENOUGH, SHE'LL PROBABLY START TALKING ABOUT GHOSTS.
SO DON'T.
THE END